92 154

A Womans Birth,

OR

A perfect relation more witty then common,
Set forth to declare the descent of a Woman.

To a pleasant new tune.

There is a certaine kind of idle Creature,
The which by Scotish name, we call a woman:
I could fall out and rayle upon dame Nature,
That ere she fram'd such creatures to undoe man,
Many have wondered how it came to passe,
But note, and I will tell you how it was.

When Nature first brought forth her son and heire,
The Gods came all one day to gossip with her,
Her husband Hymen glad to see them there,
Dranke healths apace to bid them welcome thither,
Till drunke, to bed he went, and in that fit,
He got the second birth a female chit.

The privy Counsell of the heavens and Planets,
Whose Counsell governes all affaires on earth:
They held a consultation in their Senats,
What should become of this prodigious birth;
These strange effects, and correspondent qualities,
Which are brought forth by course, & by formalities.

Saturne gave Sullennesse, Iove Soveraignty,
Mars suddaine Wrath, and unappeased hate,
Phœbus a garish looke and wandring Eye,

Venus Desire, and Lust insatiate,
Mercury Craft, and deep dissembling gave her,
Luna unconstant Thoughts, still apt to waver.

Iuno the wife of Iove, gave Jealousie,
A pettish Anger, and revengefull spirit,
In which she will persist perpetually,
As if her soule could boast no other merit:
Though Love at first beare rule in her supremely,
Wanting her will ther's none hates more extremely.

Flora best strow'd upon her cheeke, a hue
Of red and white, to make her feature pleasant,
That she the easier might the heart subdue,
Of King, Prince, Courtier, Citizen or Peasant.
But he that trusts her faith, it is so slacke,
Her red and white to willow turnes, and blacke.

Scornefull Diana did her mind inspire
With cruell Coynesse, and obdurate Passions,
That man might thinke her soule had most desire,
Still to live single, without alterations,
When heaven knows 'tis but her pride of mind,
That thinkes none good enough to court her kind.

Pr. 6. 26. 363.

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The ſecond part, to the ſame tune.

Thus qualified into the world was brought,
This ſtrang vncought piece of earth call'd wo-
Nature afraid her husband ſhould have thought (man,
That ſhe had plaid the whore, or borne too common,
Beſought Lucina from old Hymens ſight:
Cloſe to convey it unto Venus bright.

Where being brought by Venus ſhe did learne
To uſe looſe geſtures with her hand and eye,
With fained ſighs, falſe teares, not to diſcerne,
And divers ſuch looſe tricks of Levity,
Liſping of kiſſes, ſmilings, and ſuch fits,
As well might drive a kind man from his wits.

Venus well ſkill'd and apt to make eſcape,
Sent it to be brought up among the Fayries,
Thus finding it to prove a pretty Ape,
Wanton and merry, full of mad ſegaries,
She brought it home and gave it to her ſon,
To be his playmate and companion.

Mulciber envying that his wife had got,
A mercy contrary to his mind,
He call'd the Cyclopes, and with fire hot
They forg'd her heart (unfit to it's proper kind)
Of ſteele, i'th faſhion of an Anvill hard,
That ſhould no fire nor ſtroakes a whit regard.

Phaeton that while aſſuming Phœbus ſeate,
I'th time of's Raigne, imparted to this brat,
Miſchievous fancies and a proud conceit.
That ſhould deſire to doe ſhe knows not what,
And that donation did her ſo inſpire,
If wiſhes might prevaile, the world ſhe'd fire.

The winged Child no ſooner did eſpy her,
But he enamour'd of her feature grew,
The god of Love himſelfe was ſet on fire,
And nayes would change his mother for a new:
If ſhe on Lov's great power can worke ſuch rape,
How ſhall his ſubiects with their weakneſſe ſcape?

He prank't it up in Fardingals and Ruffs,
In Maſks, Rebato's Chapperowns, and Wyers,
In paintings, powdrings, Perriwigs and Cuffes,
In Dutch, Italian, Spaniſh, French attires:
Thus was it born brought forth & made Loves baby,
And this is that which now we call a Lady.

But you yong men to whom ſhe may be ſent,
Take ſome adviſement ere you entertaine her,
Pray uſe her kindly for her high deſcent,
Courting and kiſſing is the way to gaine her,
If ſhe love true, Ile ſpeake this in her praiſe,
Each houre ſhe'le bleſſe the number of your dayes.

Printed at London for *Francis Grove*, dwelling upon Snow-hill. *Phils-balladas.* Finis.